# The Times' Daily Magazine Page

CONTENTMENT.

Charles Mackay.

## What the Large Hat Is Doing



hat of peanut fibre, good taste in combining the two

These Exquisite Models Are From Bruck-Weiss. LITTLE check gingham, a HANTILLY lace of open

WONDERFUL shade e) heliotrope hemp is the foreground of a midsummer

"Rosa's grotto send Vera and"-The poor man did not finish. Vera's urm was lifted. The blade of the lagger shone in her elenched head an

instant, and it was buried in M. Ber-tillon's neck. The savant could not

even cry out. He shuddered, there

"I must have crossed the jugular vein," said Vera. "He is dead, and with him my father's secret. It can only live again through me."
She took the papers M. Bertillon had written, folded Severac's cryptogram with them carefully, and slipped them all into her bedies.

them all into her bodice.

Then she put on her hat and gloves,

wiped the knife on the table cover, alipped it into her muff and, casting a final glance at the savent, said with

a shrug:
"It was necessary. The man would have betrayed us. Our greatest secret was in his hands. He suspected my father's existence."
And, lightly assuming once more her candid, child-like expression, she west out of the study.
At the foot of the stairs she met

A new idea grossed her mind.

"Did you see a man outside your garden reading a paper?" she asked. "Yes, mademoiselle," answered the

M. Bertillon expects."
She went into the garden, opened
the gate and called calmly:
"Monsieur! Monsieur!"

the Sunday afternoon edition of The Times,

"Ah, all the better, if he is the ene

the old servant!

pattern is the connecting link between a soft draped and you have this charming mid-crown and flange of black satin. hat against which birds of smoke A heavy tassel adorns the brim. and slate color beat their wings.

# HICTANER -- "The Man Fish"

The Cryptagram Is Deciphered By M. Bertillon

By JEAN DE LA HIRE

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The Contribution

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The Contribution

It controlled the proper state of the paper, alone does not have made my argangement as the hard titude was the desiration. There are met Techanytian, has their attitude was the information at the could not have been sure whether or not the beautiful pain girl and the analysis focking young man knew one and the analysis for the analysis focking young man knew one and the analysis for the analy

"Tag."

"Bertillen expects you. Will you please some with me?"

Following the servant with a firm step Vera crossed the garden, entered the house, crossed a little entrance, want up the stairs, and at the first foor entered the door which the servent has a first to pass the form the door which the servent has a first to pass the form the door which the servent has a first to pass the form the door which the servent foor entered the foor foo

whry formal letter about some-thing very ineignificant, at the same time saying he was rather lanesome for me, with never an-other word about the appoint-ment which he breke or why I didn't hear from him all this time, to which I answered in a letter in second with his, but nothing about his calling or even a hint of encouragement. Do you think I ought to have called up or written to find out the reason for his not keeping the angagement, or otherwise had I heat drep the matter entirely?

heat drop the matter entirely thought I had forgotten him out it seems I still care. Our en-

very formal letter about some

"But, then, how did this paper come into account the other letters, which into account the other letters, which into account the other letters, which is the next morning vers range at the other states are only there to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other letters through which naid servant opening for her.

"This is Mile. Duboist" she asked.
"This is Mile. Duboist" she asked.
"The Bertillen expects you. Will you this cryptogram I was alled with the period to his curiosity, a bit childish. I am afraid.

"Means come with account the other letters, which are only there to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the letters through which the pencil has passed. Then we shall know just what Severac wrote to his curiosity, a bit childish. I am afraid.

"At is very simple. Without taking into account the other letters, which are only there to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the interest to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the interest to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the interest to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the interest to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the interest to confuse the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the other, the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the other, the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the other, the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the other, the other, the uninitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the other, the other, the other the other, the uninitiated, we will transcribe only the unitiated, we will transcribe one after the other, the other the other, the other the other, the other the ot

ant held open for her.

There, in a large, cheerful room, furnished as a workroom and library, a man atill young was standing.

He received his vieitor with a smile and without preamble said:

"Will you be seated there, by the table, mademoiselle? I was very once more to the cryptogram. "The read aloud:

write rapidly:

"ROSASGROTTOSENDVERAAND anachist. I am an orphan. I live MONETHAVEIMPORTANTHOSTAGE with an old nurse. I really never heard any one speak of my uncle."

"Sel" said M. Bertillon, as he turned inficant letters. Now I have only to inficant letters. Now I have only to transcribe them, divided into words. It is easy as you see."

He read aloud:

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX A Plain Talk. DEAR MISS PAIRFAX I have been going about with a man about a year, during which time he treated me very which time he treated me very cavalistly, nover keeping his appointments, coming late, etc., but always gave me good excuses. Some time age he made an appeintment with me and diffut come, and since then I have heard nothing from him till about the weeks age, when he wrote me a ware formal letter should some

Advice to the Lovelorn

Is it proper for a young man, who has been going about steadily with a girl for the past three years, and who has been invited by her to spend a day with her while she is away on her vacation and is stopping at a boarding flows adjoumphiled by her mother, to pay for the meals which he receives that day, or should he sliew her to pay for them, he being her guest? A CONSTANT READER.

WHAT you need to a plain talk Populbly this man is a little ashamed of himself and too proud to may mo; possibly he feels that would like to drift away from without any ugly access or not very different.

recriminations or unhappiness on anybody's part. You had better write him a friendly little note, suggesting that you would like to see him, and then when you are face to face, give him clearly to understand that you don't want to hold him if he desires to go, and that you do insist on more courtsous and considerate treatment if he means to stay. Demand the respect that is due you, but don't mag about little things.

#### He Should Not Pay.

DEAR MISS FAIRPAX:

GUEST does not pay for his meals. If the young man were visiting the girl at her own home he would not offer to remonerat her for the meals he happened to eat. Well, really the situations are

Meeting Success The Painter Half Way

Exactly What Do You Do With Your Luncheon Hour and What is the Result?

ciently as does the "limitd" they scorp. Too much food, too many

cigars, too many cocktails and

drawsy and lasy, servously irrit-

able or angully cross over the fact

that when a fellow has "so darn

much to do" he's lucky if he gets

that; do you? Are you who read

just that sort of a man? Does it

occur to you to figure out that if

you get down to the office at 9 and

have a big day's work ahead of you

-a day's work which needs eight or

ten hours of earnest, efficient con-

centration-that breaking in on it

for a luncheon party which stretches itself over three hours, or sweet two, is not geing to assist you to a schedule which shall permit you to call it a day at 5?

Gobbling down a hasty sandwish

and a glass of milk and racing back

to the job is probably bad for the

digestion-but it tan't a bit worse

than consuming three Bronz cock-

talls, two heavy cigars, half a dozen

cigarettes, a chicken pie, some ro-maine with requerert dressing,

maine with requestry dressing.
French pastry and three or four
cups of cosice, Starying yearsais a
bit at noon may find you tired at
night—but it desent find you
clogged up with the poticen of rich
foods and stimulants.

Overcating, overdrinking and
smoking to excess are bound to send
you back to work either over-atimulated or sleepy. And stakling a
couple of hours for supposedly constructive but probably useless talk
means either neglecting your job
or working like mad at the time
when evening fatigue is beginning
to come upon you.

when evening fatigue is beginning to come upon you.

Men talk a lot about the absurd lunches women eat—and I grant you, oh, my brothers, that we do eat silly lunches. I grant, too, that a great many women linger over the mid-day meal and turn it into a so-cial event which has to be called nothing less dignified than luncheon. But business women either rush

But business women either rush down an eclair and some ice cream or quietly order a simple meal which they consume in short order and top off with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:18 and returning at 3 is massuline—

Both Are Bad.

away from the office by T I know any number of men like

By Lilian Lauferty. BALLY, I haven't time to come down to the Brevoort for lunch. It takes me almost three-quarters of an hour ex-

tra to make that trip, and once I get down there I like to linger a little for my pains." "No, honestly, old man, I can't do it. I've a let of work to do today and if I run down to the drug store and have a sandwich and a

matted milk I can be back on the

job in fifteen or twenty minutes.

No. I know that isn't good for me,

but I haven't time to come way

down to the Brevoort." "It's mighty decent of you to offer to come uptown to meet me. but really I haven't time. No, I'm not an old grouch. I'd like to seevon- Oh All right, I'll meet you

at the Times Square." And Donald clicked up the reentver and turned to me with a sigh. "Now, how would you have gotten out of that engagement-or would your"

"Maybe I couldn't have either." I replied politely.

"Come on now-den't try to make me feel better about it. I know you me feel better about it. I know you would never have consented to consume a couple of valuable hours at a luncheon engagement when you had no right to spend more than fifteen minutes. It's a darn shame to get yourself mixed up in things like that. How does a fellow escape,

though?
"How avoid entangling alliances —ther's whar's pussling you—isn't it, Donald?" said L

A Lot of Time.

Donald repeated the phrase after me—"entangling alliances. Say, I've got a bunch of them. I lunch with a different crowd of fellows every moon. We say we're talking business, but we monkey around a couple of hours and we never seem to discuss anything that helps me much. Two hours for lunch is a lot right out of the middle of the day, isn't it?"

I wonder how many young business men are like my friend Donald?

I wonder how many young business men are like my friend Donald's Many or them. I fancy, Serious business men who would never dream of running away to a matines or to a movie or to take in a few acts at a vaudeville show are very likely to consume in short order and tep off with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:50 and returning at 3 is masculineated and returning at 3 is masculineated to the proposition of the proposition of the serious and one or two that come after it is a splendid way to make the day's work seem too long and too heavy. Efficiency bids that all of us sat simple meal which they consume in short order and tep of with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:50 and returning at 3 is masculineated to the two that come after it is a splendid way to make the day's work seem too long and too heavy. Efficiency bids that all of us sat simple meal which they consume in short order and top of with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:50 and returning at 3 is masculineated to the consume in short order and top of with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:50 and returning at 3 is masculineated to the consume in short order and top of with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving at 5 is masculineated to the consume in short order and top of with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:50 and returning at 3 is masculineated to the consume in short order and top of with a walk. And, anyway, the habit of leaving the office at 12:50 and returning at 3 is masculineated to the consumers and one or two that come after it is a splendid way to make the day's work seem too long and too heavy. Efficiency and country and the consumers and the consumers and they consumer

Saving the Heart

By Ira S. Wile, (Associate Editor American h and Member New York Board of Education.)

THE early detection of heart disease of the utmost import-

ance.
The heart is a vital organ and upon its health depends the proper circulation of the blood.
The actual disease states of the heart are numerous and their causes are numberless.

When actual organic disease be-When actual organic disease be-gins with alterations in the tissues of the heart or its covering mem-branes the essential in treatment is rest. Drugs are less important and not under your control. Every pulsation saved affords that much time for recuperation. If your arm is broken, your wrist sprained, your finger cut, what do you do?

you do?
You have it splinted, bandaged.

You can not artificially bind up a

diseased heart.
It is possible to relieve it of unnecessary and weakening effort.
You can save it useless and enerwating work.
You can offer it the safest cen-

ditions for continued action with-cut increasing the danger of progreesive deterioration.

Bear in mind what constitutes
the relief of heart strain.

Use your common sense and give

your heart a rest. Whatever increases the force rate, or pressure of the heart tends to weaken its tone.

Whatever impedes the circulation of blood through the arteries embarasses heart action. If your child is afflicted, you

If your child is afflicted, you have a duty to perform by teaching it the value and heceasity for conserving its energy and sparing the injured heart.

It is hard to control active minded children but it can be done—and it is your obligation to teach and secure the requisite control.

Cold baths are to be avoided, either in the tub or in flowing either in the tub or in flowing.

cold baths are to be avoided, either in the tub or in flowing stream, lake, or ocean. The pound-ing of waves or breakers is especidy undesirable. Great efforts at lifting, pushing, pulling are harmful and tax the heart muscles severely.

Take your time, don't be in a

Take your time, don't be in a hurry. There is no necessity to run after a car, there will be another along in a few minutes. Walk Running may get you to one place a little more quickly. In time you will reach more places by walking at a moderate pace. Learn to de-liver yourself from strong emotions.—fear hate, rage, excitement, worry. Don't tire your heart with futile ir-ritations. Wear loose clething so that there is no restriction of move-ment or limiting of the fear time.

ment or limiting of the free circu-lation of blood. Keep your bowels active, so that straining becomes unnecessary, and the heart is freed from increased blood pressure. Coughing and eneezing add to the

ilties of a wankened heart Dress yourself apprepriately for the seasonal conditions so as to lessen the likelihood of succumb-

lessen the likelihood of succumb-ing to a bronchial affection.

Eat carefully so as to be free from fermentation in the stemach.

The accumulation of gas in the stemach presses the heart towards the ribs and hampers its normal

action.

Impaired nutrition decreases the vitality of the heart muscles as it does all other muscles.

Moderate exercise is reasonable. A damaged heart is weakened by

the strenuous life.
Enjoy a full measure of sleep.
Your heart is refreshed by the long
period of rest, which is nature's
most valuable restorative. If given care the heart will gain in strength—the muscles will in-crease in size and power—its use-

fulness may be retained by years.

Try to learn the virtue of rest and the means of attaining it.

Rest does not necessarily means idleness. Mental diversions, adjusting that does not

ment in occupation that does not overload the heart with work, calmoverload the heart with work, chimness of spirit and interest in life are restful.

Rest does not necessarily mean don't walk when you can stand: don't stand when you can sit; don't sit when you can ile down. Rest is

the natural heart saver.

#### Are You Popular Once-Overs Among Your Friends?

When you hear of another that he or she is a "great torment" or "great tease" you can put it down that that one is also a most heartless person, and, while they, as a class, are considered "good company," they create also a lot of hidden sorrow.

Their reputations are earned at too great a cost. To repeatedly do or say something to another which causes embarrasament, or annoyance, or pain, is the height of rudeness.

To repeatedly create a situation which you know is displeasing to another, while it amuses the unthinking or careless looker-on, is vulgar

It stamps the so-called "tease" as a person of very obtuse discernment or as lacking the finer feelings which can put one's self in another's place. It is very well to be witty or funny, but look out that your wit does

not become sarcasm or leave a sting, and your desire to be funny be only a means of distress to the one who is being "teased." Many a girl or boy and many a man or woman wonders that it seems impossible to keep a certain popularity coveted.

Consideration for the feelings of others is the great secret of

The "jesse" is popular while he directs his fun at the other felices.



successes and failures, their virtues and vices, their and repulsive. The paints are the hexitage of the art and their literature. These are the paints on past. Choose well, for on your choice success or the canvas for a good or ill beginning. Our tasts failure is founded.

TE are all the painters of a self portrait in their selection will produce either harmony or from the paints which are all that the past discord, a thing lovely to look upon, or one ugly has left us, the striving of ancestors, their and repulsive. The paints are the heritage of the

### Mary MacLane Writes on Self me, and wander far from me, and forget me.

Trained by her introspection of her-self. Mary MacLane is quick to analyze the faults and virtues in ath-ers. Here are some more saturates from her interesting book, "I, Mary MacLane," published by the P. L. Stakes Company.

This woman, looked at as a con undrum, was gifted and profound.

A pen and a bottle of perfume and a doorknob and a granite kettle and an electric light: I have the use of each, since white man is so ingenious.

I am of woman-sex and most hings that go with that, with som other points. A bishop serving truly and tire-

lessly the poor of his diocese serves strong vanity and ideal of the Ego in himself.

There is a Self in each human one which lises and has its sweet, vain, someway frightful being, not in depths and not 'n surfaces, but just beneath the skin.

by a vicient reason-like love or hatred or jealousy of a baby or humiliated pride or roweling ambi-tion—a woman follows the physical line of least resistance.

I say to me in the mirror: "It's you and me, Mary MacLane, and another wasting, damning tomorrow."

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow!"

But a tendency to wash one's dishes after eating one's breakfast feels conclusively and pleasantly

Eggs, and I've eaten them every day for quite five-and-twenty years, are always a fascinating novelty.

When in family-circle-ness I have had to hide my true self as if be-hind a hundred black veils since the age of two years. Often when I walk I go without

Unless impalled to violent action

But I love my life, even while I analyze it bit by bit and so hate it. The night air klesses my tipe and throat. It gives me a charmed and unexciting feeling of being careased without being loved.

I suppose there's nothing quite péculiar to even my inmost self in what I pender and what I experi-ence and what I feel.

My two dresses tell me—I am having no restless unrealities of social life with chattering women and no monotonous, casualty, blood-thirsty firtations with men.

May I own no egotism that is not sensitive and polgnant and vibrant; a harp of worn strings.

I so love my body for it must lis at last, pale and still-still-still-still (Further extracts from this unique

### **Sweet Content Stories**

By Edith Hixon. SWEET Content, our rosebud fairy found Weerose, her maid standing by her bed when she awoke one morning. She rubbed her sleepy eyes saying. "What do

There is semeone waiting to see you," answered Weerose. "She seems to be in a hurry." "Our fairy dressed quickly and in

"Our fairy dressed quickly and in a very short time she was in the parlor. A tall, elender fairy, in a rainbow gown, arose from the com-fertable depths of a big mose cush-iened chair. "I'm so giad I found you, for I need your help," she said

you, for I need your neep, she and anxiously.

"Tell me who you are," replied eur fairy, "and Fili try to help you."

"My name is Antoinette, and I live on the edge of the rose-tipped cleud which you see just at eventide at the end of the Milky-way," anawared the charming sprits.

"Oh, yes," said our fairy, "Twinkleeyes, the starland fairy, has told me
about you. You have two darling
bables." swered the charming sprits.

"It's about them I've come," re-plied Antoinetts. "One day when I had them on earth they found what had them on earth they found what they thought was a beautiful crys-tal lake. I told them it was a look-ing glass placed there to trap young fairies, and what they saw was only themselves, but they lusisted that they wanted to play with the fairles n the lake who smiles so bewitchingly, so they stepped in. Or course Quicksilver, the wicked imp, caught them and I've never seen them

"Where is his dwelling?" asked

ing-brook," answered Antoinette. Sweet Content was certainly wor riad. Of course Quickellyer had hidden his house there on purpose, for well he knew that no Sunbeams could dance through that dense for-

seel moss on the banks of the Sing-

His prisen-like castle, hidden in his prisen-like castle, hidden in the maze of the mirror, had but one way out. Nobody would be able to see it without the bright light from the Sunbeam's torches. "Many fairy babies are caught that way," she sighed.

"Is there nothing we can do?" begged Antoinette in tears.

begged Antoinette in tears. "There's only one thing we can try," answered Sweet Content. "The Admirable Army of Anta may be parauaded to out down the forest with their keen, sharp hatchets. We will ask General Radcoat."

She clapped her tiny hands for Fluffy, her big white butterfly, driv

ing him with the golden spider-web reins down to see General Redcoat. General Redcoat was a proud and haughty soldier. He hated Quick-silver exceedingly, for once long ago the wicked imp had entited a store of his soldiers into his house, giv-ing them polsoned water. When they had dropped by the roadside he had laughed cruelly until the Sun-beams had fied for fear of their lives, and the people in Cudditions wondered what had chased them away, for they saw no clouds in the

The Admirable Army of Anta will be delighted to attack the forest," answered General Redcoat.

long, for an army of a million anta work swiftly. From his window Quicksilver watched the growing fear but laughed as he unlocked his

fear but laughed as he unlocked his door. He shot poison-tipped arrows into their midst, and many brave soldlers fell, but others took their places quietly, while the ambulance hearers carried off the dead. When Quicksilver saw he was besten he retired to his house and locked the door.

At last the messy forest tangle was down. The Sunbeams began to dance about the enchanied castle. They flashed their torches onto the staircase, but no fairies came forth. "He has locked the door" sobbed antolnetie.

Antoinette.
"I can open it, now that I see where it is," said our fairy. She hurried to the staircase and started nurried to the staircase and started down. The fairies were aghast, while the Sunbeams held their breath, though they still flashed their light down the stairs. Straight to the crystal door she went, touching it with her imagle wand, saying:

"Wand made of monbeam ray.

Let me have this with I cray.

wand made of mocnbeam ray.

Let me have this wish I pray—

With all possible magical speed

Open this door to my friends in need.

Immediately the door swung

open, and the rainbow-clad fairles

rushed up the stairs. How they

shouted and laughed surrounding

Sweet Centent and her helpers and

dancing merrily. Instance of dancing merrily. Instead of two fairles there were several dozen who came out. They gave three cheers for the Admirable Army of Anta, for General Redcoat and Sweet Content. Antoinette went happily home with her children, who were overjoyed to see their mother again.